

# Burning From the Inside

## Bauhaus

Running without aim  
Through the razor weeds  
That only reach my knees  
And when I'm lying in the grey sleep  
I don't know how to walk the boards  
I open my eyes, and look at the floor  
And now I don't see you anymore  
There is no choice, we make the point  
To counteract a threatening hand  
Close my hold  
As we near the atmosphere

Songwriters

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